

RHYMES AND JINGLES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

— DESIGNS BY J. H. HOWARD. —



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Jessie B. Ball

RHYMES AND JINGLES,
FOR
LITTLE CHILDREN.

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LITTLE Robin he came in,
 When thickly fell the snow;
 And, while the cold it lasted,
 He never cared to go.
 So friendly did he get,
 I thought that he would stay;
 But, when the summer came,
 Little Robin flew away.

Once, a little merry pig,
 Said, "he'd like to dance a jig."
 When a tune I did play,
 The saucy pig, he ran away.

Hi! hi! Johnny Jerkey,
 Come wake up quick,
 And see if the Turkey
 Can swallow a brick,

Do you know that little Willie,
 One day was so very silly,
 As to whip his little Kitty—
 Then she scratched him—

What a pity.



THIS is little Mary,
That likes to be at play,
Gathering the daisies,
And rolling in the hay;
And who wishes summer
Would never go away.

Two and two are four,
Not any less nor any more;
Three and three are only six,
If they're apples, cakes, or brick's:
Four and four are eight,
As I count them on my slate;
Five and five are ten,
So says my slate again.

When you are angry, then you are bad,
When you are good, then I am glad.

THE GOOD BOY



THIS is good Master Poole,
Who hastens to school,
Reading his book by the way;
He never is idle,
Like Tom and Dick Bridle,
Who kneel down at marbles to play.

“Good morning, Sir Snail,”
Said a merry Bee;
“How long is your tail?
Pray can you tell me.”

Sing, tea-kettle sing,
So merrily for me;
Soon the bell will ring,
To call us all to tea.

Let's go skating! Come along!
You may go skating if you're strong.
If you're weak, go home and stay,
Skating is no easy play.



LOOK at little Annie,
 Swinging from the tree;
 Not a bit of fear
 About her seems to be.
 "Swing away," she cries,
 "I don't care how high;"
 Now down on to the ground,
 Now up into the sky.

The shovel and tongs to the fire belong,
 To play with them is very wrong;
 For I knew a little girl that hardly could lisp,
 Who went near the fire and was burnt to a crisp.

Strawberries are very sweet,
 Strawberries I love to eat;
 "Strawberries," the hucksters cry,
 Who loves to eat them, you or I.



HIS is little Lizzy,
And her little brother,
Who will scratch and fight,
And tear at one another;
Though papa has brought them
A pretty little toy,
Thinking it would please
His little girl and boy.

Little Fish, little Fish,
Down in the sea;
Little Fish, little Fish,
You can't catch me:
If I had a little hook,
And a little bait;
I'd catch you little Fish,
If you'd only wait;

Then home to mamma,
Fast I would run;
And ask her to cook you,
Until you were done:
Then on a little dish,
Lay you tiny little Fish,
And then for my dinner,
I would eat you.



EE saw up, and see saw down,
Now a smile, and now a frown;
Sometimes high, and sometimes low,
Just the way the world does go;
Whilst some within the middle stand,
And are the rulers of the land.

When a little boy gets a new toy,
He laughs and capers, full of joy!
And when a Cat, doth catch a Mouse,
She carry's it all 'round the house.

Who has upset the water pail,
The little Dog, that lost his tail;
To pick it up who ran out?
An old Pig with a long snout.

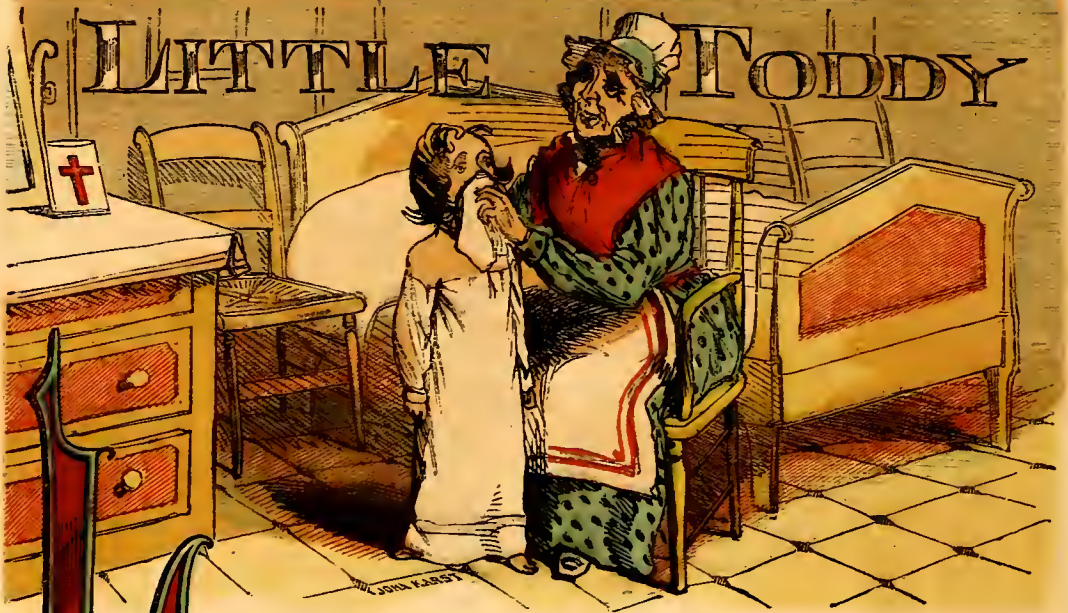
FOR BABY

D



ANCY, dance, diddy, dancy, dance dee,
 This is the baby of babies for me,
 He's up in the morning as brisk as the lark,
 He's sleepy and peepy before it is dark;
 He crows in my face, as he lies in my lap,
 He tears out my hair, and pulls off my cap;
 He teazes, and pleases, and gives me no rest;
 Yet he is the baby that mamma loves best.
 Dancy, dance, diddy, dancy, dance dee,
 This is the baby of babies for me.

There was a Hen-hawk in the air,
 And the old Rooster saw him there;
 The Rooster then spoke loud and quick,
 And every Hen and little chick.
 What do you think they did?
 Why ran with all their might, and hid!
 The hungry Hawk, then off he flew,
 Without a little chick to chew.



LITTLE Tiddy Toddy

Is going into bed.
Granny put her night-dress on,
And put away her clothes,
Curled her little hair up,
And wiped her little nose.

Boys are only little men,
Girls are women small;
All were little children once,
Now grown old and tall.

I love you Mamma,
And love you best;
But I love Papa,
And all the rest.

Butcher, butcher! have you meat,
For my little boy to eat;
If you give him some to chew,
He will play his drum for you.



OW the boat, row the boat,
Over the sea;
Push it across,
And send it to me.
Oh, what a fine sailor
Willie must be,
To call the old washing-tub,
"Over the sea!"

When little Tommy broke his hoop,
To pick it up he would not stoop;
But grieved so much they all do say,
They thought he could not live a day.

Saw away Sawyer, saw the wood,
Saw it as fast as you can;
I'd like to help you if I could,
But wait 'till I'm a man.



LITTLE Harry had a drum,
 He wondered whence the sound did come;
 He sat him down to find it out,
 Then cut the parchment round about;
 So, when again he tried to play,
 All the sound had gone away.

Poor little Frank was crying with pain—
 “Mamma, my tooth is aching again!”
 His mother replies, “My darling I doubt,
 You’ll never know ease, till you have that tooth out!”
 So, Frank like a hero, without more delay,
 Went off to the dentist the very same day;
 In less than an instant the tooth is pulled out,
 And good little Franky is capering about!
 His mother embraces her darling with joy;
 His father says, “Well done! You are a brave boy.”



LOOK at little Fanny,
 Full of deep distress,
 Because her little cousin
 Has got a smart new dress.
 Oh! my little Fanny,
 If such can give you pain,
 How many, many troubles
 This world will then contain.

When I was a little boy, I flew a little kite,
 Now I am a big boy, just for a soldier right.
 When I was a little boy, I think that I would cry,
 Now I am a big boy, I couldn't if I try.
 When I was a little boy, with little girls I ran,
 Soon I will be no boy, but grown to be a man.

Can you see behind you? my little man;
 "Yes, when I turn around, I can."

THE GREEDY BOY



HIS is an old miser you here behold,
He was a greedy, selfish boy, I'm told;
Who never shared with other boys,
His cake or candy, top or toys:
Now he is a man wretched and lone,
With no little children nor any home!
He lives in a garret cold and bare,
Although there is plenty of gold there;
He sits on an old chair holding it fast,
He will soon die and leave it at last.

Hear the scissors grinder's bell,
What is it? it tries to tell!
"Bring your scissors!" hear it say,
"And I'll sharp them right away!
With my wheel that spins around,
While it makes a buzzing sound."

BUTTERCUPS & DAISIES



BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Are out in merry May;
Let us to the meadows,
And cull them all the day.
There's violets in the hedge-row,
And harebells on the lea;
But buttercups and daisies
Bring sweetest thoughts to me.

A Monkey got up in the
apple tree,
And pelted the pippins at
Johnny and me;
So we threw up some sticks
To make Jocko come down,
But an apple he flung with
A crack on my crown!

Take a walk,
And take a run,
Girls and Boys,
Were made for fun!
Talk and laugh,
And dance and sing,
Till you hear the
echoes ring.



AID Little Miss Romp,
 "When you've done your tea,
 Will you come in the garden,
 And skip with me."
 "Oh, no! I cannot!"
 Said little Miss Prude,
 For my mamma says
 "It is naughty and rude."

"Daughter," said a mother Fly,
 "Go not to the river nigh;"
 Said the little Fly,
 "No, mother, dear,
 Not I, not I."
 The mother Fly fell fast asleep,
 Said the little Fly, "I'll peep—the water is not deep,"
 A fish popped up its nose so brown,
 And swallowed little Flyey down.



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